Wichita Eagle

NYE AT PUGET SOUND.

HE FINDS REAL ESTATE QUITE ACTIVE, ALSO A BEAR.

The Attention of Medical Men Called to a Boy Who Eats Through a Funnel as a Consequence of Employing a Doctor. Musing on the Red Man.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.]

Puget sound is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world. Its bosom is as unruffled as that of an angel who is opposed to ruffles on general principles.

At least three large cities will be tributary to the sound, I am sure, viz., Tacoma, Seattle and Port Townsend. I will speak of each more fully in another letter. To say that real estate is active is just simply about as powerful as the remark made by the frontiersman who came home from his haying one after-

WE SCARED UP A BEAR.

noon and found that the Indians had burned up his buildings, massacred his wife, driven off his milch cows and killed his children. He looked over the bloody scene, and then said to himself with great feeling: "This, it seems to me, is perfectly ridiculous."

I drove out with a real estate man for two days at Seattle, not buying, but just riding and enjoying the scenery while we allowed prices gently to advance and our whiskers to grow. Finally I asked him if he knew of a real "snap," as Herbert Spencer would call it, within the reach of a poor man. He said there was a bargain out toward Lake Washington, and if I wanted to see it we would go out there. I said I would like to see it, for, if really desirable, I might buy some outside property. We drove quite awhile through the primeval forest, and after baiting our team and eating some lunch which we had with us we resumed our journey, scaring up a bear on the way, which I was assured, however, was a tame bear. At last we tied the team, and, walking over the ridge, we found a lot facing west, 73 feet front, which could be had then at $1,500. I don't suppose you could get it at that now, for it is within a stone's throw of the power house and cable running to Lake Washington from the city.

A friend of mine was telling about how he lost a trade in Spokane Falls. He had the refusal for a week of a 24 foot business lot "at $500." He thought and worried and prayed over it and wrote home about it and finally decided to take it. On the last day of grace he counted up his money and finding that he had just the amount, he went over to the agent's office with it to close the trade.

"Have you the currency with you to make the trade all cash?" asked the agent.

"Yes, sir, I have the whole $500 in currency," said my friend, drawing himself up to his full height and putting his cigar back a little farther in his cheek.

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed the agent with a low, gurgling laugh; "the lot is $500 per front foot. I didn't suppose you was Pan-American ass enough to think you could get a business lot in Spokane for $500. You can't get a load of sand for your children to play in at that rate."

We have been riding on the cars today, and ever and anon the blue water gladdens the eye, the dark pines soughing in the quiet air, and far away in solemn grandeur, the grandeur of eternal silence, knowing a heap yet giving nothing away, we see old Mount Tacoma. When we get over to Seattle we will have to call it Mount Rainier or go away from there. I've forgotten at what point on the road you have to change time and call it Rainier, but I shall try to be safe and talk about the climate till I find out about it.

I met with a medical and surgical curiosity today on the cars. It consisted of a young man who is compelled to take his nourishment through a rubber tube which leads directly into the stomach through the side. I had heard of something like it and in my extensive medical library had read of cases resembling it, but not entirely like it. The conductor, who had shown me a great many little courtesies already, invited me into the baggage car, where he had the young man, in order that I might see him.

The subject was a German of about 20 years of age, of dark complexion and phlegmatic temperament. He stood probably about five feet and four inches high in his stocking feet and did not attract me as a person of prominence until the conductor informed me that he ate through the side of his vest.

It seems that about two years ago the boy had some little gastric disturbance from eating a nocturnal watermelon or callow cucumber. As I understand it, he, in an unguarded moment, called a physician who aimed to be his own worst enemy, but who contrived to work in the public on the same basis, using no favoritism whatever. He was a doctor who has since gone into the gibbering industry in alcoholic circles. He had the previous evening been out late, as he informed his wife, acting as the chairman of a reception committee, selected for the purpose of meeting and showing the proper courtesies to a brand new citizen of the United States, but, as a matter of fact, he had been appointed by himself to be the custodian of a bright blue, disorderly jag of great potency.

So it happened that on the day he was called to the bedside of this plain, juvenile exile, the enemy he had taken into his mouth the evening before had, as a matter of fact, rifled his pseudo brains, and being bitterly disappointed in them had no doubt failed to return them.

Therefore, "Doc," as he was affectionately called by the widowers through the neighborhood, was entirely unfit to prescribe. He did so, however, just the same. That kind of a doctor is generally willing to rush in where angels fear to tread. He cheerfully prescribed for the boy and, in fact, filled the prescription himself. The principal ingredient of this compound was carbolic acid. A man who can, by mistake, administer carbolic acid and not even smell it must do his thinking by means of a sort of intellectual wart.

But he did it anyhow.

So, after great suffering, the young fellow lost the use of his entire esophagus, the lining coming off as a result of this liquid holocaust, and then afterward growing together again.

The parents now decided to change physicians. So after giving "Doc" a cow and settling up with him another physician was called in. He said there was no way but to reach the stomach from the exterior, and, although hazardous, it might save the patient's life. Speedy action must be taken, however, as the young man was already getting up quite an appetite.

I can imagine Old Man Gastric sitting there patiently, day after day, every little while looking at his watch and wondering as he sang:

We are waiting, waiting, waiting.

Finally, as he sits near the cardiac orifice, where the sign has been recently put up,

THE ELEVATOR IS NOT RUNNING,

a light bursts through the walls of his house and he hears voices. Hastily throwing one of the coats of the stomach over his shoulders, he springs to his feet just in time to catch about a nickel's worth of warm beef tea down the back of his neck.

The patient now wears about two feet of inch hose, one end of which is introduced into the upper and anterior lobe of the stomach. In the other he wears a plain cork stopper. I asked him if he would join me in a drink of water from the ice cooler, and he said he would under the circumstances. He said that he had just taken one, but would not mind taking one more with me. He then disarranged his clothing, took out his new Goodyear esophagus, and, removing the stopper, inserted a neat little tin funnel with which he was able to introduce the water. It gently settled down and disappeared in his depths, and then, putting away the garden hose, he accepted a dollar and gave me a history of the case as I have set forth above, or substantially so at least.

I could not help thinking of him afterward. He dwelt in my mind in a curious way. I tried to imagine him on his way to Europe, over a stormy sea; the surprise of his stomach when it found itself frustrated and beaten at its own game, and all that. Then I thought of him as the honored guest of some great corporation or club and at the banquet, when the president, in a few well chosen words, apparently born of the moment, but really wearing trousers, says, "Gentlemen, we have with us this afternoon, etc., etc.," and then rising, all the members join in a toast to the guest. Touching his glass to theirs and then, gracefully unreeling his garden hose, he takes from his pocket a small funnel and, gently sipping the generous wine through his tin pharynx, he begins his well digested response.

Nature did not do much for this poor lad, but science has stepped in and made him prominent. He went to bed unknown. He awoke to find himself noted. He went to sleep with ordinary tastes. He arose with no taste at all. Thus, through the medical treatment of a typhoid idiot, for a disease which was in no way malignant or, as I might say, therapeutic, he becomes a man of parts and stands next to the nobility of Europe, not having to work.

Last summer, in Paris, on the street I saw a man who played the trombone by means of a bullet hole in his trachea, but I do not think it elevated me and spurred me on to nobler endeavor and made a better man of me, as did this simple hearted young man who made a living by eating publicly through a tin horn, and who actually earned his bread by eating it. I hope that the medical faculty will make his case a study and try to do better next time. That is the only moral I can think of in connection with this story.

TREATING THE FREAK.

Yesterday as we passed a little red depot I saw a young squaw leaning up against the building and crying. As we moved along I saw a plain black coffin, a cheap affair of pine, daubed with walnut stain to make it look still cheaper, I presume. I had never seen an Indian, even a squaw, weeping before, and so the picture remained with me a long time and may for a long time yet to come. I had always read that the Indian never wept, but I have proved that to be wrong. Possibly, however, civilization has affected the noble red man so that the women do the working and weeping while the men do the drinking and heavy old sledging.

Anyway, the common language of grief made all the passengers at once relatives of the stricken young Pocahontas, and, as she stood there with her little common sense moccasins, all dishevelled and down at the heel, and leaned her dark head against the old red depot with her face hidden in the red and black shawl that an old shirt full of blue berries would easily buy, her grief made her graceful, and the smokers in our car mostly let their cigars go out.

I've never been a pronounced friend of the Indian, as those who know me best will agree. I have claimed that though he was first to locate in this country he did not develop the lead or do assessment work even, so the thing was open to relocation. The white man has gone on and found mineral in places, made a big output, and is still working day and night shifts, while the Indian is shiftless day and night, so far as I have observed.

But when we see the poor devils buying our coffins for their dead, even though they may go very hungry for days afterward, and, as they fade away forever as a people, striving to conform to our customs and wear suspenders and join in prayer, common humanity leads us to think solemnly of their melancholy end.

And, along with all this, we are led to ask, Why were we endowed with powers and capabilities which enabled us to put the red man to sleep in two rounds? Why was the red brother left to study the trail of the bear and neglect his soul, while we are enabled with lightning rapidity to calculate the movements of the planets and throw salt on the tail of the most restless comet?

Sometimes it hardly seems right.

Bill Nye

P. S.—I will speak still further of Puget sound in my next letter, together with its great possibilities, resources and liabilities. B. N.

A Guilty Conscience.

"Willie," said his father as he came home at night, "have you been a good boy?"

"Did you ask mamma?" said Willie, doubtfully.

"Don't you know?" inquired his father.

"Well, it's this way," explained Willie. "Ma's ideas and mine differ as to what is being bad, and I don't want to go back on anything she might say."—New York Herald.

A Grand Legacy.

Lobbs—Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?

Bobbs—He left the earth. What more could I expect?—The Jester.

Hard Lines.

First Boy (gloomily)—I've got to cut kindlings and empty three buckets of ashes and build two fires and go to the store on an errand and then fill the coal box.

Second Boy (enviously)—You've got a reg'lar picnic, you have. Just think of me. Mother said when I came home from school today I'd got ter hold the baby.—Racket.

Try, Try Again.

Mrs. Highflyer—What's the matter, Henry? You look downhearted.

Mr. Highflyer—I am almost discouraged. I have failed three times and am not independently wealthy yet.

Mrs. Highflyer—Well, dear, fail again. You will succeed eventually.—Munsey's Weekly.

His Authority.

"You mustn't hoe that corn with yer face to the east'ard," said Farmer Sparrowgrass to his hired man.

"Why not?" asked Bill.

"Because the old proverb says, 'Westward ho!'"—Munsey's Weekly.

Had Reason To.

Mamie (softly)—Henry, papa thinks a great deal of you.

Henry (tenderly)—Well, he ought to, darling; he's been owing me $50 since the 15th of last month.—Washington Star.

Hyperbole.

"Is that cement any good?" asked a prospective purchaser of a peddler.

"Any good!" was the reply. "Why, you could mend the break of day with that cement."—Harper's Bazar.

The Occasion.

"Were you ever sandbagged?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When I bought that last lot of fine sugar from you."—Epoch.

They Are Generally Behind.

"Strange thing that dog's tail, isn't it?"

"What makes it strange to you?"

"Why, I never saw one before."—Philadelphia Times.

Excusing Himself.

Mrs. Brown—Did you pick up that tack I dropped on the floor?

Brown—Yes, but I didn't mean to.—Life.

Would Not Be Released.

He—Will you be mine?

She—I can only be a sister to you.

He—That won't go! I favor the league, not the brotherhood.—Boston Herald.

A Tramp Scheme.

"Oh, tut; that's a tramp scheme."

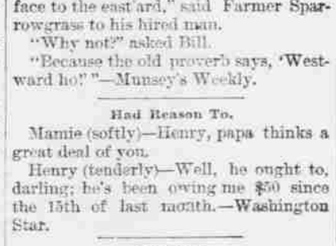
"Tramp scheme? What the deuce do you mean by a tramp scheme?"

"Oh, it won't work."—Racket.

Nothing Left.

"All gone," murmured Ponsonby sadly, as he surveyed his bald head in the mirror. "Not even a part remains."—Life.

Encouraging.



Nimrod Stoutleigh—Any shooting here, my boy?

Native—Yessir. Dad just shot a man dressed like you.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Definition.

"Papa, what is an agnostic?"

"He is a man who says he don't know anything and lectures on it."—New York

THE LEE STATUE.

An Interview with the Sculptor of This Excellent Work of Art.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS, April 15.—America may well rejoice at the coming to its borders of the equestrian statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee, to be unveiled at Richmond, Va., May 29. M. Antonin Mercie, one of the four great sculptors of Paris, is its designer.

THE LEE STATUE.
[From a photograph.]

An equestrian statue is one of the most difficult feats in sculpture. Venice and Copenhagen possess the two finest equestrian statues in the world. Critics declare the Lee monument equal if not superior to any equestrian work at Paris. It is forty feet high, forty-one feet across and weighs eight tons, and is the result of four years' careful study. The horse alone was a year's labor. The statue was cast in eight sections and was six months in the foundry. The pedestal is twenty-one feet high, making the total height sixty-one feet. It is of granite, almost white as marble; four columns of polished blue granite are on either side. The base is designed for the statues of six generals who served with Lee. The three selected at present are Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart and A. P. Hill.

Gen. Lee sits erect upon his favored war horse, Traveler. His cavalry boots touch the stirrups lightly, after the manner of southern horsemen. He has just come upon the field of Gettysburg. His orders have been miscarried. Horse and rider seem to feel the stab of an unloyal hand.

"Had the committee accepted my first design," said the sculptor to me, "it would have been one of the most original if not the sublimest statue in the world. I wished to represent Gen. Lee as he passed among his fallen troops on the field of Gettysburg—the horse rearing, the dying stretching for a last affectionate glance of their leader. I do not know of another incident in history in which a defeated general was greeted with such affection and confidence in the moment of disaster and defeat. It is sublime."

"The Confederate troops moved noiselessly excepting their yell," explained Col. C. P. E. Burguyn, civil engineer and delegate sent by Virginia to receive the statue. "The committee thought the design too theatrical. They were business men, not artists."

"Ah!" said the sculptor, thoughtfully, "they were artists—true artists. They did not wish to revive the past."

M. Antonin Mercie is in the prime of life. A typical Frenchman, of medium height, he has charmingly cordial manners, with the simplicity inseparable from childhood and genius. He was born at Toulouse, and his parents expected him to follow commerce.

"What turned you to art?" I asked him.

"Laziness," was the naive reply. His early life was not without hardship, but success soon crowned it. He came to Paris at twenty and at twenty-three was awarded the prize of the French school at Rome. "David" was his first important work. His second greatest effort is the "Gloria Victus" at the last exposition. Paris has many of his works. The tomb of Louis XVIII. at St. Denis, is probably the best known. Mercie is the pupil of the great Falguiere. Together they have just completed the Lafayette monument erected by congress at a cost of $50,000. Mercie is an officer of the Legion of Honor.

M. ANTONIN MERCIE.

Unlike most Frenchmen, he has traveled extensively, and his home is replete with the art treasures of many lands. In his bronze medallion, the Genius of Art, over one of the arches of the Louvre, he has perpetuated the beauty of his young wife, who died a couple of years ago leaving him two beautiful children.

The first model of the Lee monument occupies a pedestal of honor in his classic atelier. "The general had very small hands and feet," said the sculptor, taking from behind a Gobelin tapestry the cavalry boots worn at Gettysburg. "A young girl could scarcely wear them." Over the boots hung Lee's hat. The sword was modeled from a photograph.

"Have you the general's saddle?"

"It is a curious fact," said Mercie. "The saddle of the statue was modeled from one loaned me by the Duc de Chartres."

The Duc de Chartres and his brother, the Comte de Paris, it will be remembered, served on the Union side, and the saddle was the one the former had used throughout his service.

"When the duc loaned me the saddle," concluded Mercie, "he said, 'Ah, I see, you wish to make the south fighting—victorious!' 'The war,' I replied, 'is over.'" As the guest of Virginia M. Mercie and his son will sail in May, to be present at the unveiling of this, his first work for America.

LIDA ROSE MCCABE.

She Owns the Ground.

Edith—I hear that Mr. Dobbins is going to marry the wealthy Miss Perrill. Do you suppose he is really in love with her?

Mary—Undoubtedly; he loves the very ground she walks on.—Munsey's Weekly.

Celtic Caution.

Mistress—What did you do with the mouse trap, Bridget?

Bridget—I burnt it up, mum. It was attracting all the mice in the house.—